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commonweal

A REMINISCENCE AT 75
DOROTHY DAY

UP AGAINST THE WALL, FATHER
RAYMOND A. SCHROTH

MYSTERY OF THE MISSING DEMOCRATS
PETER STEINFELS

ANGOLA COMES TO BRITAIN
BRIAN WICKER

CHILE: REVOLUTION WITHIN THE LAW?
TIMOTHY T. HUGHES

BLUE COLLARS AND SOLID MIDDLES
DICK HOWARD

RIDGEWAY AND THE ENERGY CRISIS
MICHAEL KENNEDY

PRAYER AND THOMAS MERTON
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NEWS & VIEWS

History as Prelude

If one goes to the Archives of the United States and views Micro-copy T-175, Roll 451, in the open microfilm stacks of captured World War II records of Germany, one finds that in 1939 there was published approximately 500 copies of a compilation of leading men of the pre-Hitler regime who were regarded as enemies of the (Nazi) party and the state.

The list was compiled under the administration of the Chief of Security, SS Obergruppenführer Reinhard Heydrich. Heydrich, it will be recalled, was assassinated by the Czechs—in return for which Lidice was razed and plowed under, and its inhabitants massacred (May, 1942).

Each copy runs about 900 pages, with one page reserved for a "bio" of the individual cited. The list for June, 1939, includes by stated category:

Scientists: Einstein, Albert; Freud, Sigmund.

Writers/Journalists: Brecht, Bertolt; Ludwig, Emil; Mann, Thomas; Remarque, Eric Maria; Werfel, Franz.

Austrians: Schnuschnigg, Kurt (Austrian Chancellor, 1934-38).

Right-wing Opposition: Goerdeler, Karl (Lord Mayor of Königsberg and later of Leipzig).

Confessional Parties: Adenauer, Konrad (Lord Mayor of Cologne and from 1949 to 1963 Chancellor of the West German Federal Republic).

Marxists/Communists: Reuter, Ernst (Social-Democrat party official; later Mayor of Berlin; elected Mayor of Western Sector of Berlin, 1948).

Does this list-business have a vague similarity to the "enemies-list" proclivities of you-know-whose Administration?

Across the Atlantic

The Catholic Church of England and Wales has made public a report on "The Church in the Year 2000" prepared by a mixed commission of the Bishops' Conference, the National Conference of Priests, and organizations of religious orders and laity. It is a report which, in the opinion of *Informations Catholiques Internationales,* could set English Catholicism on a course similar to that of the Church in Holland.

Informations' radical assessment is not shared, however, by Adrian Hastings, outspoken British priest-journalist. In his view, the report on "The Church in the Year 2000" (and a companion one on "Co-Responsibility and the Clergy") fails to tackle basic missionary and pastoral problems in England and Wales. The document, he says, is "weak" theologically and sociologically, and more suited for 1967 than for 1973.

On the basis of press summaries, Hastings may be overly generous. The report reads in fact like a document from the '50s; e.g.:

The report envisages the Church "not as an institution, an organization, but as an organism, the body of Christ" in which each church member has an essential role to play. . . . Every bishop in Christendom has one of those talks in his sermon satchel.

The rest of the report is equally undynamic: bishops should be much more than primarily administrators; deacons are more than "half-finished" priests; the task of the laity is "in attacking the causes of poverty, ignorance, illness, injustice and discrimination . . ."

It's all been said before.

Millions for Recruiting

The Madison Ave. firm of D'Arcy MacManus & Masius is again handling recruitment advertising for the Air Force, only the budget isn't the paltry $1 million that it was several years ago, or the $4 million of 1972. It's $16.6 million for the fiscal year begun July 1.

The current advertising theme is "Find yourself in the U.S. Air Force." Asks the *Times:* "Who's lost?"

Odds and Ends

—The Postal Service's opening question to Rev. Billy Graham at a hearing in Washington on postal rates: "At you a member of the Catholic Press Association?"

—From the "mail pouch" of the bulletin of the Church of Our Lady of Victory, New York City: "It's with great *dismay* and *indignation* that I am writing to you this letter, knowing beforehand that you will not go back on your decision. It concerns the statue of Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal (Immaculate Conception), so beautiful, so inspiring, so inviting to prayer, which you removed from the church and replaced with a statue of Our Lady with the Infant Jesus. This is an insult to the Blessed Mother. . . ."

—From a July 10 letter of Senator James Buckley (who else?) to Senate colleagues: "S. 1861, the minimum-wage bill currently before the Senate, would for the first time impose federally-determined minimum wages on Puerto Ricans. . . . To start to bring the Island's minimum wage up to the mainland's will destroy Puerto Rico's attractiveness to foreign investors. . . ."

—Egil Krogh, Jr., in his letter of resignation to President Nixon: It is my "overriding desire . . . to accept full responsibility for my acts and decisions and to assist in bringing all the facts and circumstances [regarding Watergate] into the open." Egil Krogh Jr. before a House subcommittee July 17, when the questioning moved into the area of Watergate affairs: the Fifth Amendment, 50 times.

JOHN DEEDY

Norris, *Vancouver Sun,* Canada

"Pat . . . Did you cut the wire on our electric blanket?"

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CORRESPONDENCE

Not Opposed

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: "Women and the Amendment" by Nancy Schwartz (*Commonweal*, June 15) misleads the reader by creating a false dichotomy between religious organizations that oppose the Equal Rights Amendment and secular ones that support it. In fact, many Jewish organizations do support the ERA, including the National Council of Jewish Women (which Ms. Schwartz incorrectly includes in the opposition) and the American Jewish Congress, among others.

The Equal Rights Amendment will pass in the remaining eight states in part because men and women of all faiths are working through their religious organizations for it.

RICHARD COHEN
Associate Executive Director,
American Jewish Congress

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: It has been brought to our attention that your June 15th issue of *Commonweal* carries an article by Nancy Schwartz, of the Women's Liberation of New Haven, which lists among religious groups or organizations opposing the Equal Rights Amendment, the National Council of Jewish Women. This is untrue and based on data and

(Continued on page 439)

PHILIP T. HARTUNG
1903-1973

It is with deep regret that we announce the death after a long illness of Philip T. Hartung, film critic of *Commonweal* from 1938 to 1973, consultor to the Division for Films and Broadcasting of the U.S. Catholic Conference, and a long-time member of the National Society of Film Critics. Over these many years he was a friend as well as a colleague, and he will be missed. May he rest in peace.

NEWS & VIEWS: 418 *CORRESPONDENCE:* 419
EDITORIALS: 419
ANGOLA COMES TO BRITAIN: Brian Wicker 420
CHILE: REVOLUTION WITHIN THE LAW?: Timothy T. Hughes 421
MYSTERY OF THE MISSING DEMOCRATS: Peter Steinfels 423
A REMINISCENCE AT 75: Dorothy Day 424
THE TEAMSTERS: Russell W. Gibbons 426
THE SCREEN: Colin L. Westerbeck, Jr. 431
UP AGAINST THE WALL, FATHER: Raymond A. Schroth 432
BOOKS: Dick Howard, Kilian McDonnell, Michael Kennedy 434
ILLUSTRATIONS: Front Cover, Workers Power/LNS; page 429, Broadway Local Coop/LNS; page 433, Juhl, P.B.I., Copenhagen.

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THE PATRIOTS

Hardly a day goes by without another revelation. One of the most sinister disclosures in recent days is word that the United States was secretly and methodically engaged in bombing Cambodia while publicly proclaiming that country's neutrality; that reports of such bombing were destroyed, contrary to military law; that Congress in general and the members of the Senate Armed Services Committee in particular, to say nothing of the general public, were systematically lied to. The wonder is that there are still Nixon apologists who try to play down the gravity of the indictment being drawn against the Administration.

Consider some of the disclosures made even before word of the secret Cambodia bombing: Mr. Nixon carried his mania for surveillance so far that he even bugged his own office and his own phones; in July of 1970 he authorized a new program of domestic intelligence, featuring increased wiretapping, opening and reading supposedly private mail, and illegal entries and searches of private homes and offices, all in the name of national security; riots were instigated, doctors' files were rifled, and fake letters written on the stationery of political opponents; if mounting evidence is to be believed, corporations and individuals in trouble with various agencies of the government were systematically approached and GOP contributions (preferably in cash) armtwisted out of them. And of the entire catalogue of wrongdoing, perhaps the scariest of all, at least until word of the hidden bombing of Cambodia, was the involvement in this skullduggery of the FBI and the CIA, with the weapons of the nation's secret intelligence forces turned against political opponents and assorted individual citizens, even to the point where the acting FBI head personally destroyed possibly incriminating files—and, as a finishing touch, with this entire mechanism backed up for those on the "enemy" list by Internal Revenue Service harassment. If you had all these bones in your closet, would you welcome a Senate subpoena of your documents?

The plain fact is that the Nixon Administration has behaved in a way worthy of the Greek colonels but shocking in an American government, and perhaps particularly shocking in what has always been called a conservative Administration. Among the healthy emphases conservatives have

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traditionally brought to American life is a lively fear of an all-encroaching central government—a fear overstated often enough and sometimes misused for partisan purposes, but still a healthy caution. It is this which makes the conduct of the Nixon Administration so incomprehensible. True, genuine conservatives can and do argue with considerable cogency that the President is not a conservative at all but an opportunistic reactionary. The fact remains, however, that Mr. Nixon has traveled under conservative colors all his political life, and this makes it doubly ironic that characteristics of his Administration so patently resemble key features of a police state. The moral of the story? There are many, and the nation will be pondering them for years to come. One thing we are sure of right now, though: we have always been wary of "patriotic" men who come to us with flag pins in their lapels. Now we know why, in detail.

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Angola Comes To Britain

By the time you read this I expect the immediate row over the visit to Britain of the Portuguese Prime Minister, Dr. Caetano, will have blown over. Of course, the underlying problem which has sparked off the trouble—namely, the treatment of Africans in Mozambique and Angola by Portuguese troops—will remain for a long time yet. But the immediate flurry of publicity will have died down. So perhaps it is worthwhile jotting down some thoughts in the middle of the 'crisis' which can then be judged by the readers in the light of subsequent events.

Fr. Adrian Hastings wrote an article in *The Times* a couple of days ago which simply retold to the outside world what various missionaries in Mozambique had told him (an ex-missionary himself). The atrocities alleged, if true, are horrifying—certainly on a greater scale than the Mylai example. But no less troublesome to the conscience of the person sitting comfortably in his armchair at home is the question of what kind of attitude to take up towards such things. For the fact is that (whether deliberately or not) the story has been given to the world at the very time when the Portuguese Prime Minister is coming here to celebrate 600 years of international 'friendship.' Hence, naturally, the embroilment of the issue in party politics. Harold Wilson demands the cancellation of the visit and an international investigation. Predictably the Tory Right—with, equally predictably, the terrible twins of Catholic Right-wingery, Patrick Wall and John Biggs-Davidson at its head—replies with charges of 'plotting' by Fr. Hastings and the anti-colonialist lobby to sabotage the security of the 'West' and to 'smear' the good name of Portugal. Letters to *The Times*, discussions on the media, demonstrations in the London streets, a Pax Christi vigil outside the Portuguese embassy—the whole paraphernalia of 'protest' and 'counter-protest' emerges into public view.

But none of this really helps to solve the basic dilemma, which is this: in order to be effective, to have any chance of success, the critic of established policies and attitudes has to be selective. It is no good diluting one's energies by protesting against *every* crime or injustice in the world: the individual, and indeed, the group has to choose its particular target and go on hitting it, without bothering too much about what is going on elsewhere. Without such selectivity, nothing would ever be moved. What would the campaigners against slavery or inhuman factory conditions have achieved if, every time they raised their voices, they had allowed themselves to be distracted by questions like what were they doing about discrimination against Catholics or atrocities committed by highwaymen? You have to choose a target and keep to it. Yet there is, undoubtedly, force in the argument that consistency in the application of moral principles is of the essence of morality itself. When Wilson is asked whether he would object to a visit by Brezhnev just as much as one by Caetano, and replies 'of course not—the Russians did not commit equivalent atrocities in Czechoslovakia' one feels that the rationale for making such a distinction is pretty questionable. By what criteria does one distinguish, when a matter of fundamental human decency is at stake, between the vileness of disemboweling Africans in Mozambique and the vileness of imprisoning, bullying and perhaps starving intellectuals into acquiescence in Prague? There seems to be very little profit in trying to measure the degree of disgust to be accorded to each such vileness, quite apart from the impossibility of arriving at any objective criterion by which we may agree to do so. It is better to admit that the criterion is a pragmatic one—that of whether, by making a row, there is some chance of getting results—than to pretend to be abiding by some obvious moral distinction which, in fact cannot be substantiated. This is why Fr. Hastings' attitude seems to me to be the right one. If, by having Caetano here, it were possible to make him to do something effective, then let him by all means come: but if not, then let's keep him out in order to make a point which clearly needs to be made, and forget about trying to perform some impossible moral balancing-act.

The problem of consistency in moral behavior touches on another public nerve which I'm personally interested in, too. This is the parallel between the rejection of abortion, on grounds of protecting innocent human life, and the rejection of indiscriminate violence or the threat of it in 'defense' policy. Gordon Zahn has made this point in one direction, in saying that no principled pacifist can fail to support the anti-abortion cause. But the

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opposite point needs to be made even more strongly: no principled anti-abortion campaigner can consistently fail to support the kind of anti-war stand taken by Pax Christi (of which I happen to be chairman in Britain). But, from the few efforts I have made so far, it is clear that it is going to be a long job to convince the anti-abortion campaigners—who, I think, tend to be middle-class, middle-of-the-road, respectable, 'law-and-order' oriented people—of the need to see the connections between what they are doing and what the long-haired, disheveled, free-wheeling, 'peace' people are up to.

Consistency of attitude and effectiveness of action are equally of the essence of any moral stand: but they seldom go naturally together. This is one of the paradoxes under which we have to live. But perhaps it is especially problematic in a country like Britain in which a certain relative gentleness of approach to others is so profoundly rooted in widespread, systematic and publicly encouraged illusions. BRIAN WICKER

Chile: Revolution Within the Law?

At 8:55 on Friday morning, June 29th, when office workers were arriving in Santiago, Chile's busy center city, the streets suddenly began to echo with machine-gun fire. The Second Armored Regiment of the Santiago Garrison was besieging the President's Palace. Three hours later the division had surrendered and peace was restored, but not without leaving at least 22 dead and dozens wounded.

This attempted military coup horrified the large majority of Chile's law and order-loving citizens who pride themselves in having the longest constitutionally elected government in Latin America. In fact, many say that the crisis which exploded in June 29th is rooted in precisely the doubt surrounding the constitutionality of the present government's policies. Since the March 4th congressional elections a gnawing question has been eating away at the Chilean body politic and has even penetrated to the armed forces: Is it possible to have a Marxist revolution within the margin of a bourgeois legal system?

Chile's right-wing opposition says it is not possible and points to the present government's conduct as proof, alleging that the government ignores the majority opposition's opinion and repeatedly violates constitutional guarantees. Chile's far left—MIR (Leftist Revolutionary Movement), MAPU (United Popular Action Movement), and a large and growing portion of the powerful Socialist Party—agrees that it is not possible. It insists, however, that the present regime is so preoccupied with respecting the law that it has restricted itself to reformist measures. The government itself maintains that it is marching slowly but surely toward Marxist socialism, using all the loopholes in the bourgeois legal system, but never violating it. Finally, the armed forces, which cast the decisive die for the remaining three years of Allende's regime, are not sure if a revolution is possible within the Constitution. Since the events of June 29th, however, it seems rather clear that they will not intervene until they are certain that the Constitution is threatened.

In the March 4th elections the opposition lost its last chance to stop Allende's march towards socialism when it failed to win the two-thirds majority necessary to impeach Allende or force through Congress reactionary constitutional reforms. Ever since then it has been waging a campaign to put the Marxist government on shaky constitutional grounds. It has accused the government of discarding Law 17.713 which it says guarantees the workers in the second largest copper mine in the country, "El Teniente," both the regular readjustment of their wage scale according to the rise in the cost of living and the special readjustment which the government is giving to all the workers in the country due to inflation. It has accused the government of interfering with the constitutionally guaranteed freedom of the radio, television and press by temporarily closing Radio Agricultura, television Channel 6 and the daily newspaper, *El Mercurio*. Finally, it is forcing to a head the tensions over expropriations of large haciendas and industries. These expropriations are based on the dubious legal rights given to the government by Legal-Decree #520 of the one-hundred-day Socialist Republic of Chile of 1932.

Faced with what it considers blatantly illegal and unconstitutional conduct, the right has taken up the weapons it has at hand. With its majority in both Houses of the Congress the weapons are rather powerful. In reply to the government policy towards the copper miners, Congress impeached the Minister of Labor, Luis Figueroa, and the Minister of Mining, Sergio Bitar. For the temporary closure of television Channel 6, it impeached the Minister of the Interior, Garardo Espinoza. And for violating the constitutional guarantee of all citizens, owners and employees alike, to equality before the law, it impeached Orlando Millas, the Minister of the Economy. As if this were not enough, it has resurrected the battle for the Constitutional Reform of Senators Fuentealba and Hamilton which would nullify all previous legislation permitting expropriations and require all new laws. The majority opposition, of course, would never pass the new laws.

This left Allende unable to move ahead toward socializing industry and with a cabinet virtually destroyed. The only solution was to call upon the military whom the opposition respects to fill the posts, as was done to resolve the month-long strike of October, '72. But the generals were reluctant to enter the cabinet, and among the middle-ranking officers and enlisted men there was

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notable discontent both for ideological and economic reasons. With mixed feelings towards the legality of the regime and definite personal sentiments against any Marxist government, why should they bail out the President? From this discontent and doubt about the constitutionality of government measures a plot for a military coup emerged, resulting in the June 29th abortive attempt of one, small, lonely regiment. The large part of the armed forces were not yet convinced that Allende was an outlaw.

While the opposition intensified its campaign to prove the government's disregard for the Constitution, the far left replied much more openly and frankly. The June 8th edition of *Chile Hoy*, one of the left's most popular magazines, carried an article entitled, "We Workers Are Not Chained to Bourgeois Legality." This sector of the left's disillusionment with Allende's administration has made government more and more difficult. Allende knows that if he does not move quickly with expropriations, this sector has plans to blockade the industrial highways which feed into Santiago and take factories on its own initiative. Commando groups are growing stronger both in farming regions and in the poblaciones (ghettos). Even within Allende's own Socialist party large numbers have abandoned hope in a legal route to socialism. During a rally called by Allende in front of his palace five hours after the unsuccessful coup, the crowd of thousands shouted in unison, "Close the Congress."

Thus far the far left has restricted itself principally to an ideological battle. It uses its plans for blockade and commando groups as a threat. No one knows just how ready these groups are to use their power. They have outgrown the stage of sporadic illegal activities and await the opportune moment when they can take power once and for all. In any case, whether they will use their power or not, for more and more Socialists and Mapusists the only way to solve the country's economic crisis is to bring capitalism's contradictions to a head. That means breaking with the bourgeois Constitution.

The government, however, maintains its position firmly: It is not only possible to have a Marxist revolution within the margin of the law, but it is actually being done. There are enough contradictions within the bourgeois Constitution to create the conditions for a socialist state by means of that very Constitution. As proof they cite the famous Legal-Decree #520 which, dubious as the government's application of it may be, has nonetheless permitted the expropriation of close to one hundred factories. The opposition can impeach all the Ministers it wants to, but legally the administration need only shuffle positions and change the Minister of Housing to the Minister of the Economy, or the Minister of the Interior to the Minister of Defense. The Supreme Court can restore a radio station's right to broadcast, but the government can call a state of emergency and interrupt all stations with a national network. In short, the liberal bourgeoisie was so liberal in its legislation that it legislated the possibility of its own destruction.

The March, '73 platform of Allende's Popular Unity Front says: "The present bourgeois Constitution, legacy of the Whigs of 1833, will have to be replaced by another which corresponds to the new economic and social conditions in Chile." What the platform does not say is that some elements of the Popular Unity Front want to install this new Constitution by a violent rupture with the old one. The Communist Party and Allende's faction of the Socialist Party, however, think they can do so by means of the old Constitution. That is why they so desperately wanted to gain a majority in the Congress with the March 4th elections.

Given the allegiance of both the armed forces and the majority opposition to the Constitution and its consecrated position even among the majority of the rank and file of Allende's supporters, it is crucial that he prove the legality of everything that he does. In the case of the copper miners of *El Teniente,* he has tried to show that the law itself is not clear. To close radio and television stations, he must show that it is justified under the rubric which permits closures when the safety of the State is in danger.

On the other hand, given the growing unrest within the Popular Unity Front with what appears to many to be another reformist government, Allende must stretch every law to its limits. While it is true that the Legal-Decree #520 permits interventions, its fullest application would force the government to intervene on the side of the owner in those industries which are not producing and are causing national hardships. While it is true that Law 17.713 is not clear about readjusting wage scales for those who already have a regular system of readjustment, it is also a fact that during the debate over this law Allende's Minister of Housing insisted on allowing the possibility of a double readjustment when the opposition wanted to eliminate it. Stretching these laws to their limits has permitted enough socialist change to keep the more extreme elements within the Popular Unity Front, but the unity is more and more precarious.

In the final analysis, however, the real referees are the military, whose only concern is to defend the Constitution. Whatever doubt there was about the military's loyalty was cleared up with the prompt and united front they presented in face of the attempted coup. The extreme left is disillusioned because Allende has opted for the law and abandoned the revolution. The opposition is irate because he is indeed conducting a revolution, but has abandoned any semblance of legality. Meanwhile, Salvador Allende himself is trying to walk the tightrope of revolution within the law, fully aware that it is only the military's respect for the law that keeps the country from civil war. TIMOTHY T. HUGHES

(Timothy T. Hughes, S.J., is a political science student at the Catholic University of Santiago.)

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MYSTERY OF THE MISSING DEMOCRATS

PETER STEINFELS

"Well, what's the alternative? Where are the Democrats?"

Sooner or later, in most conversations about Watergate, someone asks those questions. They ask them, usually, in response to one of two scarifying facts. *Scarifying fact number one* is simply the sense of drift, the image of a great nation, beset by critical problems, especially economic ones, in which all political life has slowed to the inexorable but repetitive pace of the Senators' questions. Scarifying fact number two: the well-founded recognition that most Nixon supporters of last November, despite massive belief in the President's complicity in a cover-up, would cast their ballots the same way today. . . . "What's the alternative? Where are the Democrats?"

When it comes to keeping a low profile, the Democrats obviously have something to teach the Administration. In regard to Watergate itself, this only makes sense; let Sam Ervin's bipartisan Select Committee and the Administration's own Justice Department do the dirty work. But in regard to political affairs generally, the failure of the Democrats is disturbing—if not even dangerous.

Not that the Democrats are unoccupied. Any number of schemes are being floated to repair the damage done to the party in the last campaign. The AFL-CIO pursues its plan to purge the party of hippies, queers and doves, that is, just about everybody who will not toe the Meany-Barkan-Lovestone line. Teddy Kennedy keeps dipping his toe into the water—or should a better metaphor be found? Kennedy's July 4 encounter with George Wallace was probably as well planned as Nixon's encounter with Mao Tse-tung; but whether such gestures can win much more than the soft edges of the Wallace constituency seems questionable. The evidence shows that most Wallacites are not so much wandering populists as natural-born Republicans on their way home. Still, Kennedy has symbolically opened up the "era of negotiations" within the Democratic party. Likewise, on the fringes of political power, numerous intellectuals are trying to read various groups either in or out of the party. Most thought about issues has accordingly taken place in the context of putting together a majority for future elections. When Alice M. Rivlin, a former Great Society assistant secretary at HEW now in exile at the Brookings Institution, presented "A Counter-Budget for Social Progress" in the *New York Times Magazine*, her article seemed to stand alone as a comprehensive rallying point for Democrats—and the fact was, her own article was much stronger in criticism of old programs than it was notable in advocacy of new ones.

It would be an unfortunate error to slip from a recognition of this state of disarray to the conclusion that the Democrats have nothing different to offer. One can be sure a Democratic Administration would be committed to some sort of major social programs: housing, income maintenance, child care, education and health care, for example. Exactly what shape such programs might take is harder to imagine, however, given the current dissatisfaction with large-scale bureaucratic government services as well as with community action "participatory" programs.

Civil liberties would surely be better protected by a Democratic Administration, and Supreme Court nominations would be different. Perhaps, the relationship between the Presidency and Congress might return a little toward balance—though strong Presidents have been more a Democratic than a GOP phenomenon. In foreign policy, the Democrats would probably continue the Kissinger line toward China and Russia, be more solicitous of Europe and Japan, and shift slightly to the left in preferences about regimes in smaller nations. Whether the Democrats would actually effect anything significant in assistance for developing nations or in reduction of the arms budget is anybody's guess. On ecology and energy issues, the Democrats would probably be more responsive to pressures for long-range planning and less subject—although only marginally so—to pressures from special economic interests.

Maybe it is because so many of the country's pressing problems are in economic policy that the Democrats look so weak. Once the President phased out the original "game plan" and phased in the honorable Phases, One through Four, most of the prominent Democratic economic gurus have gone along, with minor criticisms. Certainly the Democrats have not offered any striking alternative, neither for the domestic economy nor for the international monetary situation.

The real point, however, is not whether a Democratic Administration would have something different to offer us in 1976, but do the Democrats have anything different to offer us right now? True enough, the party's legislators are regularly bumping heads with the Administration in Congress; but this does not amount to any communicable notion of where the country ought to be going.

American political parties have been described as temporary alliances which are formed in election years and disintegrate shortly thereafter; and there are good reasons for such behavior. The party dissolves into individual public officials like a guerrilla force into individual peasants. This makes it a much more difficult target. But it is not only in election years that we need alternative visions of how America should be governed. If Watergate hamstrings the Nixon Administration and stays the consequences of

(Continued on page 439)

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A REMINISCENCE AT 75

DOROTHY DAY

Dorothy Day, co-founder of the Catholic Worker movement, wrote her first article for Commonweal *in September of 1929. To mark her 75th birthday, the editors recently asked her for an article of reminiscence and recollection. Her response follows.*

Dear Friends,

I hope you do not mind my responding to your request for a short "reminiscence" by writing you a rather disjointed letter. I am inspired today by a great sense of happiness and gratitude to God and to *Commonweal* too and a desire to share it. I wonder how many people realize the loneliness of the convert. I don't know whether I conveyed that in my book *The Long Loneliness*. I wrote in my book about giving up a lover. But it meant also giving up a whole society of friends and fellow workers. It was such a betrayal of them, they thought. One who had yearned to walk in the footsteps of a Mother Jones and an Emma Goldman seemingly had turned her back on the entire radical movement and sought shelter in that great, corrupt Holy Roman Catholic Church, right hand of the Oppressor, the State, rich and heartless, a traitor to her beginnings, her Founder, etc.

Anatole France introduced me to the Desert Fathers in his book *Thais*, and even in that satire the beauty of the saints shone through. George Eliot introduced me to the mystics. Her Maggie Tulliver read the *Imitation*, so I read it too, regardless of the fact that George Eliot rejected formal religion. Did you know that Tolstoi has Pierre read the *Imitation* after his duel with his wife's lover? That Gandhi and Vinoba Bhave have read the *Imitation*? And Pope John? It still nourishes me. I'm tired of hearing eminent theologians disparagingly quote that line, "I never go out into the company of men without coming back less a man." But how much idle talk in all our lives, dishonesty, equivocation, and so forth sullying each precious day! I go down on my knees each night and say "Dear Father, Jesus told us you were Our Father, repair these slips, mistakes, even sins I have committed with my tongue during this day—the discouraging word, the biting criticism, etc." Even this article.

Of course 'my bitterness was most bitter' over and over again, not at Holy Mother the Church but at the human element in it. But thank God, there were always the Saints. When I visited Cuba and recalled Fr. Las Casas and all he was reputed to have done for the Indians, a Communist friend said grimly, "Yes, but as a landowner which he originally was, he introduced African slavery because the Indians died under the hard work, and besides he liked them better than the Africans."

I looked at the biography of Las Casas in the Catholic Encyclopedia and found that there was quite a bit of truth in that.

God forgive us the sins of our youth! But as Zachariah sang out, "We have knowledge of salvation through *forgiveness of our sins*." I don't think anyone recognizes the comfort of this text better than I do. I have not yet been attracted by the present tendency to bring everything out into the light of day by public and published confessions. Were we not taught by Holy Mother Church to respect the modesty of the confessional? Or is that a silly expression? But oh the joy of knowing that you can always go there and be forgiven seventy times seven times. (Even though you wonder, in your distrust of yourself, whether you *really* mean or have the strength to "amend your life.") I hope your readers can read between the lines from the above and recognize what my positions on birth control and abortion are.

When I visited Australia (where there is a CW paper, a House of Hospitality and a farming commune of families) newspaper reporters on my arrival in Melbourne and Sydney asked me what was my position on the Berrigans, birth control and abortion. My answer was simplistic. I followed Pope Paul. As to the Berrigans, I did not know what the Pope's attitude was, but I was a follower of Gandhi and Vinoba Bhave and in spite of the Berrigans' innocently destructive

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tendencies, loved them both.

Thank God we have a Pope Paul who upholds *respect for life*, an ideal so lofty, so high, so important even when it seems he has the whole Catholic world against him. Peter Maurin always held before our eyes a vision of the new man, the new social order as being possible, by God's grace, here and now, and he so fully lived the life of voluntary poverty and manual labor and he spent so much time in silence, and an hour a day in church, besides daily Mass and Communion (while he was in the city), that all who knew him revered and loved him as the leader and inspirer of the Catholic Worker movement. As for me, I am so much a woman, that I am the housekeeper of the CW movement. And I am a journalist and well trained in that, what with a father and three brothers, all of whom were journalists.

To get down to my gratitude to *Commonweal* which helped to train me in my journalistic career. George Shuster, of *Commonweal* in 1932, sent Peter Maurin to me. Not only that, whenever the CW appealed for help the *Commonweal* Staff (I could not name all that contributed to us), not only sent money and clothes. They even shared their yearly retreats which they used to make at Portsmouth Priory when they invited some of our crowd, editor or a Bowery resident.

Peter Maurin used to bring some of our brilliant young men, like John Cogley, to visit the editors of *Commonweal*. He told me that John should be an editor of *Commonweal* some day. Peter thought of the CW as a school always and when he started having nightly meetings those first years, *Commonweal* helped provide speakers, besides building up our prestige so that we got many famous men over the years. Space forbids listing them.

Peter was delighted when people praised him and even seemed to boast of the college presidents who listened to him. He thought prestige helped the work. "We need to build up the prestige of these young men," he said to me and he himself did it to such an extent that many a time he was foolhardy in his trust and estimate of others.

I must illustrate my own explanation of why I have accepted the awards that have been accorded to me in the past few years, by a little story. This is called "reminiscing" and serves to remind people that I am *very, very old*, as one of my grandchildren said to me once. She said it as she handed me a crude drawing of a ten-tiered, high-riser birthday cake, "because you are *very, very old*, she had printed underneath, and have nine grandchildren to eat that cake, she neglected to add.

The story is this. A girl called Katey Smith way back in '34 was sent us by St. Vincent's hospital; she had been operated on for tumor of the brain. (She recovered.) She loved to join in all our activities and accompanied us on a picketing expedition one day on 34th Street in front of the Mexican Consulate because renewed persecution of the Church had broken out. A passerby asked her what the picket line was about and she answered, "None of your damn business."

I would feel like Katey Smith if I refused some of the honors offered me, honors which call attention to and pay tribute to Peter Maurin's ideas. I have refused honorary degrees because of my respect for Holy Wisdom, just as much as for my abhorrence of our military-industrial-agricultural-educational-complex-conglomerate. I compromised when I accepted the Laetare medal from Notre Dame this year. Fr. Hesburgh threatened to come to First Street and present it there if I did not come to the midwest. At the Notre Dame graduation and conferral of degrees, a dozen or so honorary ones, I could be lost in the crowd, I thought. So I accepted and could acknowledge my debts of gratitude to George Shuster, who is assistant to the president, and Julian Pleasants and Norrie Merdzinsky who with various Holy Cross Fathers and Brothers and students kept a House of Hospitality going in South Bend for some years. The Pleasants, the Ryans, the Geisslers, the McKiernans and others kept the idea of communal rural living, and intellectual work and manual labor alive all these years; and William Storey, a professor at Notre Dame who has fed my spiritual life for many years by his set of books—*Days of the Lord*, excerpts from which gave me the energy this morning to sit down and write this very imperfect letter of thanks to my friends.

I write this from my place of semi-retirement at Tivoli, New York. The spirit of youth today rejects our old names, *Maryfarm* and *St. Joseph's House*, but still keeps the name "Catholic Worker Farm." It is not the kind of farming commune or agronomic university Peter Maurin envisaged, but we can boast that whereas the average age of most "communes" in the U.S. today, according to statistics (Stanley Vishnewski says), is nine months (if you know better, write to him), our own Commune has lasted thirty-eight years. The first farm was started in 1934, and there are still old-timers here, John Filliger, Hans Tunnesen, Stanley Vishnewski, Marge Hughes, Slim, etc. The latter three arriving when they were seventeen. Fidelity, constancy, are beautiful words, but we must confess there is much plain stubbornness and very real poverty, even destitution, which holds us together too.

Thank you for your patience. If you don't want this letter-article, send it back and I will use or expand on it for my next On Pilgrimage column in the *CW*. Fr. Clarence Duffy who was with us during the war years used to do the like. If we cut paragraphs from one of his articles, he used to gather them together from the wastepaper basket and paste them into his next article.

Love and gratitude to all of you always,

DOROTHY DAY

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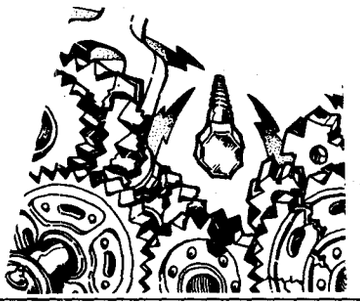
THE TEAMSTERS

RUSSELL W. GIBBONS



What does Mike Falco, a six-foot four-inch, 300-pound "security specialist" in California's Coachella Valley have in common with Charlie Colson of Watergate fame? Or where is the community of interest between "Duke" Hoover, a gaudily dressed Las Vegas publicity agent and Lou (The Tailor) Rosanova, a reputed top Mafia chieftain?

Answer: Directly, or indirectly, all are employed by the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Warehousemen and Helpers of America (*not* AFL-CIO), the largest labor union in the United States. And the richest (pension funds alone have assets approaching $1.5 billion). And (for what it is worth in the Watergate summer), the in-house union of the Nixon Administration, making it a powerful, if not altogether respectable reality in a society geared to both money and power.

A brief backgrounder, as they say, "in point and time":

Mike Falco might have gone through life unrecognized and unmourned were it not for his performance in Trukadero's restaurant in Coachella, Calif. last May 30, where with one punch he shattered the nose of Father John Bank, a Youngstown, Ohio priest on loan to the United Farm Workers. A picture of Falco and fellow Teamster "organizers" could be a straight shot from a drive-in circuit picture about motorcycle gangs. As a $67-a-day Teamster organizer, he is symbolic of a current campaign to all but destroy the union of Cesar Chavez in the grape- and lettuce-growing valleys which brought them to national attention a few years ago.

Charlie Colson? Does anyone really want to know about Charles W. Colson, a household name since mid-June? A few one-liners should suffice: one-time Nixon White House "labor relations" expert, his first encounter with executive clemency was more successful than those which would later be ascribed to him: it was Charlie who sprang Jimmy Hoffa from Lewisburg penitentiary and who in the process earned a duebill from Hoffa's successor, Teamster General President Frank Fitzsimmons. Don't knock that kind of clemency, for Fitz is more at ease with Hoffa lecturing on prison reform than becoming a political martyr in a federal can. Colson left the White House to join the law firm of Morin, Dickstein, Shapiro and Galligan, and Fitzsimmons soon transferred the Teamsters $200,000-a-year legal business to them, with Colson as the union's general counsel.

Duke Hoover is president of Hoover-Gorin & Associates of Las Vegas, Nev., with a little-known reputation in the public relations community, but with an annual retainer from the Teamsters which would make any of their best and brightest tingle with professional envy. Before the annual Teamo contract, which the *Wall Street Journal* said was a hefty $1.3-million, Duke's other glamour account was Circus-Circus, a well-known Vegas casino which the same paper said was heavily in debt to three Teamster pension funds. If image bothers the union, not so Hoover: his firm's Cleveland and Los Angeles "consultants" both have criminal records, and perhaps worse than that, their stationery and literature have been printed in a non-union ("scab") print shop.

Louis Rosanova, executive director of the Savannah Inn and Country Club, is a name familiar to those who have followed the years of investigations and reports of the Senate Crime Committee. Rosanova ("The Tailor") manages one of the several Teamster-owned resorts, his being "the Mob's southern watering hole" according to a 1963 Senate report. According to the Los Angeles *Times*, The Tailor met with Fitzsimmons in San Diego County last February 10, to discuss pension fund loans "as a representative of organized crime's interest in seeking a percentage of fees and kickbacks." The next day the Teamster president boarded Air Force One with President Nixon for a flight to Washington. The *Times*

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reported a member of the Organized Crime Strike Force commenting, "I can stand crooks, but it bothers hell out of me when a guy meets with mobsters and then with the President."

That, in point and time, may be the worst of the picture which could be painted about today's Teamsters. Yet as with all word portraits, it would be incomplete, and possibly unfair to conclude that two million-plus working stiff-types are content to pay dues to a union which is not only the largest and the wealthiest, but which enjoys direct lines to the reputed Mob and to the White House itself.

Graft and corruption and mob ties have been synonymous in the public mind whenever the Teamsters have become an issue, a poor image advanced by two successive Teamsters presidents serving time in prison. Yet quite obviously an organization of such size has its quota of "good guys." How many of them have survived the bitter infrastructure warfare and often violent Teamster politics to surface as leaders of some influence may be the central question. The story of Jimmy Hoffa and his "tentacles of power" has not been ignored by the nation's writers and commentators and for fully two decades the Teamsters have been everyone's pet pariah.

If expulsion from the House of Labor is any sort of a benchmark, in fact, it may be this occasion of formal non-respectability which set the course for their becoming the Mister Big in labor. Freed from their AFL-CIO jurisdictional taboos, observed Wilfrid Sheed, "the Teamsters now prowl the workworld like a tomcat, unionizing everything that isn't nailed down, and ironically, advancing the Wobbly ideal of One Big Union much more than the staid old AFL is doing."

The complex nature of America's largest union has become even more involved in recent months, adding to the confusion which surrounds the conflicting stories emerging from the lettuce- and grape-producing valleys of California, from the murky world of Watergate-involved and White House-connected fixes to the even more sordid apparatus of the Mob, the Mafia and the long-known and understood dirty-tricks apparatus which has only recently surfaced in the political espionage of Watergate.

The rise and fall of James Riddle Hoffa, who with the late Walter Reuther and George Meany has been the best known—if not the most admired—of contemporary labor leaders, is known to most Americans. Despite the cloud of legal prosecutions which preceded his recent term in a federal penitentiary, investigations by the McClellan Committee which portrayed him as the heavy for millions of television viewers (the post-McCarthy and pre-Watergate daytime preemption of the soapbox), a solid barrage of newspaper hostility such as few public figures have ever faced, Jimmy Hoffa today could still win points in the only-in-America criterion of achieving success.

From a background of poverty and little formal education, he built the Teamsters to its highest numerical peak at the time he was being portrayed as labor's Mister Bad. He became firmly entranched in a union whose politics were not for democratic liberals. Yet the history of the Teamsters before Hoffa was a curious mixture of traditional craft business unionism, interspersed with a pre-CIO radicalism which set the stage for its phenomenal growth and the course which has led it, perhaps inevitably, to the Mob, to Watergate and to a role which can only be described as strike-breaking in California's farm fields.

Dan Tobin had one of the longest tenures of any union president, holding sway from 1907 until his retirement in 1952. He survived—and used—gangsters, Trotskyites and politicians of both parties. In 1934 his Teamsters Union was a relatively small organization with less than 100,000 members, limited to some of the larger cities, with little if any organization efforts and content to play the traditional craft role of local fiefdoms, that might exert an influence on occasion but rarely outside their metropolitan areas. That year Farrell Dobbs (later to be a three-time Trotskyite Presidential candidate) and Vincent Dunne organized the Minneapolis Teamsters in a general strike which won not only recognition, but catapulted them into a nationwide drive to enroll nationally all the over-the-road truckers.

Sid Lens, an historian of the political and social currents which have flowed through today's union organizations, writes that Tobin pleaded with Dobbs to join the national leadership of the Teamsters after his Minnesota success. "The Trotskyists were the first to understand the power that could be generated by using the organized truck driver as a lever for further unionization," he wrote, "using the techniques of 'leapfrogging,' they saw to it that every driver that came to a unionized terminal had to wear a union button." The newly-organized Teamster drivers helped organize local and long-distance haulers, and through their delivery contacts the Teamster button became a familiar one with warehousemen, cannery workers, retail store employees, dairy farmers and workers in hundreds of smaller plants who did not fit into AFL or even CIO jurisdictional lines.

Eventually Tobin was able to toss out the Minnesota 'Trots' but retained the organizing techniques and negotiating strengths which they had brought to the Teamsters. Lens says that "but for a few strokes of bad fortune and strategical mistakes, they might have altered the course of the union decisively." The Teamster course, however, was destined to pass with Tobin to beefy Dave Beck, who eased his mentor into retirement with the assistance of Hoffa, who had risen as a tough negotiator from the Detroit Joint Council to the presidency of the Central States Conference, being as well the man behind the scenes for the Eastern and Southern Conferences. Five years later he would ease Beck out of

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office to assume control at a time when "Teamsters" had become a bad household word.

Hoffa's greatest contribution, of course, was that he brought order to a chaotic road-transportation industry, a Godfather-type of order to be sure—but one which eliminated decades of internecine warfare in which cut-throat competition, hijacking, the use of goons and an occasional homicide were accepted as occupational hazards. The trucking associations which Hoffa urged upon the industry enabled him to consolidate his over-the-road contracts to virtual complete control of road transport, but it also forced the feuding trucking baronies to becomes in turn a modern component in an industrial society.

The fascination to many has been the potential for radical institutional change which the Teamsters hold; theoretically, they could paralyze the nation, just by tying up road cargo. By calling a nationwide strike of over-the-road drivers, the materials transport and delivery of virtually all business and industry could come to a standstill. Yet a pragmatic leadership has refrained from calling national strikes, possibly aware that a groundswell of restrictive legislation might well pass a Congress under the heat of public outrage. Accordingly, both Hoffa and Fitzsimmons have been content to be known as the bad boys, as long as their leverage in the game of power has been respected. Richard Nixon, who went to Congress on a pledge to reduce the power of the "labor bosses," has been quite content to deal with them to consolidate his own power. Enter Charlie Colson.

(I)

Charlie is probably the king of the unfixers. His finesse would be overbearing even in Jimmy Hoffa's Local 299, and how he became a special counsel to the President of the United States may be more the subject of a psychological, rather than a political study. In the first Nixon Administration Colson was a significant part of the "blue-collar strategy" which had as its keystone the courting and support of the Teamsters and the building trades. Secretary of Labor Peter J. Brennan, then head of the New York Building Trades, and Fitzsimmons both became close to Colson, and no small part of this strategy was the projection of the "hard-hat worker" as the silent and strong backer of whatever-action-is-necessary Nixon war policies in Southeast Asia. The resolutions, and the hard-hat parades supporting the President when virtually every other sector of society was condemning his Cambodia invasion, sent Colson stock up in the White House.

By 1972, however, his telephoned "concern" over cases relating to the Teamsters being heard by the National Labor Relations Board caused reactions among Labor Department and NLRB professionals and, coupled with other Colson influence thrusts described by many as "improper," almost led to the angry resignation of an Under Secretary of Labor. It was Colson who *did* deliver for the Teamsters on other occasions, however: not only was Hoffa sprung (in jail he was on his way to at least canonization by the membership; on parole, he is just another lecturer on the prison reform circuit), but his leash is just long enough to frustrate his ambitions to make a comeback. Then Attorney General Kleindienst was good enough to announce that Hoffa would have no chance of having his parole restrictions lifted, thus another Administration (Colson) duebill to Fitz.

Anti-transport strike legislation support dropped by the Administration in 1972 was another friendly Nixon act, and it was followed by yet another gesture: three months before last year's election, Kleindienst, Colson and other Administration luminaries closeted themselves with Teamster leadership and their lawyers for five days at the lavish Playboy Club in Lake Geneva, Wis. (where else for five days?). Columnist John Herling said the gathering was to advise the union "of the intricacies and mysteries of the newly-passed Federal Elections Campaign Act," guidelines which became somewhat moot after the Teamster executive board endorsed the President for re-election. Subsequent Teamster officials' contributions to the now-famous Committee (CREEP) have shown an official $55,000, but Herling says it "could run as high as $250,000, and maybe much more."

Yet the largest single favor which the Administration has thrown to the Teamsters may well be in the routine decision made by Kleindienst before his April resignation in the wake of Watergate: a Justice Department refusal to permit the continued electronic surveillance that some FBI sources contended had begun to establish Teamster connections with the Mafia, and the alleged channeling of union pension and welfare funds to underworld figures. Once the "most powerful influence practitioner in Washington," Colson is now concerned with being sucked under by the Watergate undertow, but his style has perhaps best characterized both the Nixon and Fitzsimmons concept of power and success.

(II)

Jack Nelson and Bill Hazlitt, reporting in a series of Los Angeles *Times* articles investigating widespread Teamster-Mafia financial "connections," quoted an FBI agent who reviewed the case of federal non-prosecution of Fitzsimmons' son Richard (a Detroit Teamster official accused of fraud): "This whole thing of the Teamsters and the Mob and the White House is one of the scariest things I've ever seen. It has demoralized the Bureau. We don't know what to expect out of the Justice Department." Public skepticism about how the Justice Department has placed its priorities was well founded long before the Fitzsimmons-Colson-Kleindienst love feast at Lake Geneva, but now legitimate union concern about prepaid health plans for members is jeopardized by the significant Mob movement into this area with the backing of millions of dollars of Teamster

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pension and welfare fund monies. Details of kickbacks and commissions from a billion-dollar-a-year health plan were revealed in a sworn FBI affidavit which was leaked to the press in the days preceding the departure of then Acting Director L. Patrick Gray, because of a general feeling of agents assigned to Teamster-Mob connections that the Administration has followed a game plan of foot-dragging in this sector.

It is into this picture that Lou The Tailor Rosanova enters—an unreal world of power and influence in which one day top Mafia leadership meet with people who the next are huddled with the spokesmen of the "law and order"Administration. The New York *Times* last May concluded that Organized Crime strike force and FBI personnel had evidence that Fitzsimmons' meetings with the gangster chiefs were to discuss the payoffs of the billion dollar racket at the expense of the Teamster pension funds. These were the meetings which were held within hours of Fitzsimmons' flight to Washington with the President. It must have been something like the comic relief of the Vietnam demonstration era, when FBI, CIA, Army, Navy, Air Force intelligence and local gumshoes all photographed and took notes of each other. Only here federal anti-rackets agents followed their man from a huddle with Cosa Nostra chieftains to the ramp of Air Force One, inevitably bumping into colleagues in the process.

(III)

"Watching them (the Teamsters) go into negotiations on a labor contract is like watching the lions go after the Christians," says Duke Hoover. "Duke," (he won't tell reporters his real first name) the man who pulled off something of a coup in the public relations world by landing the $1.3-million annual campaign to polish up the image of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, is another part of the Teamster connection which appears to be at best but a gross contradiction. If respectability is their goal, Hoover-Gorin, Inc. should have been one of the last places of refuge for the tarnished Teamsters. Headquartered a few blocks off the gaudy Las Vegas strip, the business was incorporated only a week after landing the Teamster contract, which included a hefty $348,000 retainer (Gorin is Duke's stepfather, a Los Angeles real estate salesman).

Surviving such initial embarrassments as "scab" literature (a fighting allegation in union circles), Duke's high-powered campaign to make the Teamsters synonymous with mom and apple pie has so far surfaced only in a limited billboard campaign in several major cities, the most prominent one being situated between the Las Vegas airport and the strip. At least four Hoover-Gorin P.R. consultants have been assigned to the conflict which has raged in California between their clients and the embattled United Farm Workers, which is somewhat like doing an image job for the landlord and sheriff evicting the pennyless widow from her lodgings. The Western Conference of the Teamsters—which so far has not shown any undue embarrassment over retaining motorcycle freaks as "organizers" and "security men" to frustrate the Chavez union—apparently could not take Duke's consultation on the Farm Workers "account," and told his representative, one Murray Westgate, to get out of town. That was after a Teamster assaulted Westgate at the El Morocco Motel.

How much in the additional publicity Hoover-Gorin has brought can only be described as the-kind-we-don't-need: the June 8 *Wall Street Journal* declared them "an image-polisher whose own image is rather tarnished," describing in detail Duke's Cleveland "consultant" (a parolee who served 20 years in connection with two murders) and his man in Los Angeles (one fraud conviction, presently out on bail awaiting Grand Jury action, the L. A. "consultant uses an alias for his Hoover-Gorin work). Duke is unruffled, as apparently are his clients. "I'm beginning to feel like a Teamster," he says. "I'll stop at a truck stop and talk with the drivers. They're beautiful people—sleeves rolled up, short hair. . . . It's the way we remember America."

(IV)

Forget about Duke Hoover. If the brightest image-recycling expert from Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn had the Teamster account, their people would retreat in horror from the vineyards of California. Not

since the 1930s, when vigilantes assaulted farm workers who were being recruited by CIO organizers, has so much bloody violence occurred.

In what can only be described as a blatant union-busting collaboration with the growers, the Teamsters have joined forces with the agro-business industry to crush Cesar Chavez' United Farm Workers. In late July, as many as 500 Chavez farm workers were arrested in just one day as the confrontation moved to Kern County's vineyards. "Sweetheart" agreements, not unknown in many AFL-CIO unions as well as the Teamsters, were sprung on the majority of the pickers who had been under Farm Workers' contracts which had expired. The Chavez union had made initial mistakes, but its hiring hall was vastly preferred to the labor "contractor," the

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middle man for the grower who is a throwback to the padrone system. He came back with the Teamster-grower agreements and Chavez people immediately walked out of the fields, urging others to do the same.

The confrontation has been a classic good guy-bad guy situation for American liberals (and much of the public) who have long held up Chavez as what the labor movement ought to be. In truth, he is far from what it is, and the Farm Workers have been bankrolled for $1.6-million by the AFL-CIO Executive Council to back up their tiny affiliate's confrontation with the bads. George Meany has used strong language—"vicious strike-breaking"—to denounce the Teamsters' action, and there has been as much Chicano muscle in the fields as there is Teamster. The Chavez newspaper rarely uses Teamster without the "goon" and "thug" adjective and invokes Jack London's best prose ("I am a scab, a two-legged animal with corkscrew soul, a waterlogged brain, a backbone of jelly and glue and for a heart, a tumor") to describe those few Chicanos who have gone on the Teamster payroll.

The Teamster challenge to Chavez—and not indirectly the AFL-CIO—in farm labor is not just another tomcat jurisdictional brawl, but is rooted in previous confrontations prior to the AFL and CIO merger. In 1952 the Teamsters, then an AFL affiliate, helped break a strike of more than 1,200 tomato-pickers led by the old National Farm Labor Union. When the left unions were expelled from the CIO, the Teamsters Western Conference waged a campaign which brought some 60,000 cannery workers into the IBT. The food-processing workers within the Teamsters thus have formed a logical occupational work force for its organization of farm workers, but a 1970 "no-raiding" pact signed with the UFW has been little more than a Vietnamese-style ceasefire in the fields.

Einar Mohn, the director of the Western Conference and certainly one of the most powerful of the Teamster hierarchy, has stayed in the background of the current fray. His appointment to the California Board of Regents by then Gov. Pat Brown in 1966 was alleged to have been part of an understanding that he would not challenge the Chavez union jurisdiction. All of this has tended to cloud the issues for many of the consumer public, who have little tolerance for boycotts which they consider to be union jurisdictional warfare. Last April, the Los Angeles *Times* reported that Mohn had said that farm workers in the Teamsters would not be able to take part in union meetings "for about two years," after which he expected more "whites" and fewer Mexican-American workers in the fields. The Chavez union says that Mohn is a "racist" and that Mexicans are considered Caucasians, although whites may generally be known as Anglos. Whatever the legitimate jurisdictional issues which may have once existed, however, the violence and bitterness which the Teamsters have brought to the vineyards will leave scars for many years—and anything but a glorious chapter in its history.

The tendency to reduce a complex and at times contradictory body like the Teamsters to superficial judgments is apparent for the same hostility exists in the press, the same cynicism among much of the public and the pragmatic card-dealing of successive Administrations has essentially remained the same as during the Dave Beck-Jimmy Hoffa-McClellan era. Only now IBT is bigger, richer and many are convinced that it thrives without respectability.

Charlie Colson's now-famous "Nixon enemies" list which was revealed to the Senate Watergate Committee in June had the expected scattering of labor leaders, but on only one was there an actual Internal Revenue Service probe—that of Harold Gibbons, the former president of the 15-state Central Conference of Teamsters, who last May was forced by Fitzsimmons to resign his posts with the St. Louis Teamsters Joint Council and membership on the union's executive board. Gibbons has been somewhat of an anachronism in the union, an ex-socialist who always was an opening to the left within the Teamsters. He was carried to the very pinnacle of IBT power in 1957 by his close friend Jimmy Hoffa, who helped to elect him vice-president.

As Hoffa's house intellectual, he came under the McClellan probe equally, although he has been as different from Hoffa and Fitzsimmons as a 360-degree turn. He is well read and socially minded, and the Teamsters apparatus in St. Louis has reflected his outlook: One of the first locals to establish health care centers, its Labor Health Institute today is one of the finest in the country. The St. Louis Teamster stewards meet monthly and have enjoyed veto power over Gibbons and other officers, and the union has a unique community and political action setup which few other unions could rival. Its weekly newspaper has had some of the most thoughtful labor journalism ever printed. Last year the Teamster headquarters in St. Louis played host to 1,000 labor doves—a sore point for Fitzsimmons, who had been portraying a solid front of Teamster support for Nixon's Vietnam policies.

At the Teamsters' executive board meeting it was Gibbons alone among the board who refused to make it unanimous for a Nixon endorsement, and as the Colson memo was to say, he was to become "an all-out enemy, a McGovern person." Last year Gibbons was among four U. S. trade union officials who visited North Vietnam, but all this might have been forgiven: it was his presence as a "Hoffa man" which accelerated his removal from Teamster leadership.

"The greatest tragedy," says a former Teamster staffer at their million-dollar Washington headquarters, "is not that there are union officials who deal with the Mob and obvious kick-back operators, but that there is absolutely no interest in using the Teamster millions and

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muscle in lobbying for legitimate priority interests of its membership—tax reform, national health insurance, pension reinsurance, and occupational safety laws."

What next for the union which has been called "the largest in the free world?" If it is to survive the stigma of Watergate figures, the Mafia, the Las Vegas con men and the "scabs, goons and thugs" of the Farm Worker raid, then its "image" may improve. All this, however, is a forerunner to Charlie Colson and Richard Nixon, and too many Americans still equate respectability with a visit to the Oval Room of the White House, and the road to that room is to them unimportant so long as one makes it.

So far, Frank Fitzsimmons has had a safe journey.

EDDIEFICATIONS

THE SCREEN

With friends like Eddie Coyle's got, one might ask, who needs enemies? Eddie (Robert Mitchum) might even raise this cliché question himself, for one thing you notice about Eddie right off is that he's not too deep a thinker. Eddie lives in a working-class Boston suburb. He does the grocery shopping for his overweight wife and kids. He drives a battered car, relaxes every once in a while in a drab, underfurnished saloon, and is known to take in a hockey game upon occasion if someone else springs for the tickets. The only thing about Eddie not on the up-and-up is that he sells untraceable pistols to some friends, who use the pistols to rob banks. Even this wouldn't go so hard with Eddie, though, if another friend weren't making him a patsy, fingering him for having been the informer when the bank robbers get caught.

To make a thriller, a tight, serviceable plot is all that Peter Yates, the director of *The Friends of Eddie Coyle*, would have needed. That's all Yates had in *Bullitt*, the film with which he made a big hit several years ago. But since then Yates seems to have become ambitious to make something more. His last film, *The Hot Rock*, was an attempt to use the genre for comedy, and this new film seems to take an unconventional interest in character study. Critic Robert Warshow once generalized about the character of all movie hoods, however vestigial, in an article entitled "The Gangster as Tragic Hero." Warshow meant Scarface, the Public Enemy and Little Caesar. But if these superannuated mythic heroes are our cinematic versions of Oedipus, Macbeth and big Caesar, then Eddie Coyle is our new Willy Loman—a protagonist from much nearer home, a protagonist of pathetic realism.

Yet Yates, novelist George Higgins and scriptwriter Paul Monash are all of two minds about Eddie's story. They both do and don't commit themselves to Eddie as their subject. The subject of their title is of course Eddie's friends rather than Eddie himself. But those friends are only the thin sort of characterizations we are used to meeting in a crime melodrama. One of Eddie's friends is a bartender, Dillon (Peter Boyle), who has sidelines as both a police informer and a hit man. By setting up Eddie for the patsy when the bank robbers are caught, and then taking their contract on Eddie afterwards, Dillon gets poor Eddie coming and going. In fact Dillon is so inscrutable and villainous that he seems a disproportionate antagonist for a man with Eddie's simple frailties. In becoming Dillon's victim Eddie ceases to be the victim of his own character.

Nor is the non-character of Dillon the only way in which the filmmakers fudge on their commitment to Eddie. They obviously have reservations whether Eddie can carry the picture alone. For one thing, telling Eddie's story confines the camera because such a man apparently spends his professional life inside automobiles where nothing except a fixed close-up is possible. Moreover, and more important, Eddie doesn't do anything exciting to watch. In adapting Higgins' novel, Monash and Yates have not found ways to render Eddie's character visually. It is only in what he says, and primarily through what he tells others about himself, that his character is revealed to us.

Perhaps that is as it should be, though, if the purpose here is to remain true to Eddie's character and give us a feeling for the kind of life he leads. The whole point about Eddie is that his life is not violent or suspenseful. There is a scene where he gripes about all the heist men, cons and double-crossers he's seen get rich and take off for Miami while he's been left behind. But the significance of these remarks is that they are just small-talk. If he is only eking out a living, it is presumably because he has avoided more exciting, more profitable jeopardies. His life has a certain insularity from what we usually think of as crime. It is in the very routine and ordinariness of his activities that his character is seen.

The quality of Eddie's life that Yates is trying to get across is also what Yates fears may fail to hold our attention. That's why Dillon is necessary, and why the desire to do a character study of Eddie is compromised by the temptation to do a thriller about bank robbery. Cross-cut with Eddie's story are various action sequences—bank robberies, arrests, etc.—in which he's not involved. Indeed, since it is in the nature of his criminal life not to be involved at such times, such sequences seem out of place in this film. They don't develop the character of Eddie Coyle, or even of his friends for that matter, but only serve as a form of insurance at the box office. The conflict between character-study and plot, or between a character like Eddie and a

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mere convention like Dillon, remains a Mexican standoff.

* * *

Badge 373 is the second film to be, as the credits put it, "inspired by the exploits of Eddie Egan." Although such exploits are seldom as good the second time around, I suspect that if you asked Egan which film he preferred, this one or *The French Connection*, he would pick this one. I think he would feel that this film gives a more truthful picture of him, and in fact the verisimilitude probably is greater here. Here at last we have the literal Egan—posturing, tricky, self-important, irrational and full of malarky. He is also a despicable racist. Aren't these just the qualities you would imagine one might find in the real Eddie Egan?

In all fairness, scriptwriter Peter Hamill is undoubtedly also a racist and loathes Puerto Ricans at least as much as Egan does. He not only allows Eddie (Robert Duvall) to say "spic" in every scene with impunity, he depicts every Puerto Rican in the story as a prostitute, junkie, gangster, corrupt cop or, at the least, hypocrite. If director-producer Howard Koch had any other ideas, he apparently didn't have the authority to assert them. It's not likely that he had any ideas of his own anyway, though, for half the key scenes in this movie are transparent steals from other people's movies. The chase, for instance, is again set under the elevated subway tracks, as in *The French Connection*. The only difference is that, instead of being the pursuer of a hijacked subway train, Eddie is here the pursuee in a commandeered city bus. There are also notable scenes from *The Godfather*, Marlon Brando's *One-Eyed Jacks* and others. Koch should stick to producing the Academy Awards show. There incompetence is great fun.

Like *The Friends of Eddie Coyle*, then, *Badge 373* is a character study. But this time the study fails because the character is too evident rather than not evident enough. The fact is that Egan doesn't know when he's well off. A director who can think for himself and a writer who knows something about writing for movies can be helpful. Instead Egan got a studio bureaucrat and a hack journalist who have done him a disservice he richly deserves. They have blown his cover: they have shown us the real Eddie Egan. COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

UP AGAINST THE WALL, FATHER
RAYMOND A. SCHROTH

The Priest
RALPH McINERNY
Harper & Row, $8.95

The Archbishop
CLAY BLAIR, JR.
Bantam, $1.25

The Jesuit
JOHN GALLAHUE
Stein & Day, $7.95

The Priesthood
KARL RAHNER
Continuum/Seabury, $8.95

Before I went to Woodstock, Maryland, for theology in the mid-1960s I had heard that some of the men there waiting to be ordained had little hope of seeing any progress in the church. They saw themselves as a transitional generation of priests—living out their most productive years as functionaries in an essentially stagnant institution, applying spiritual band-aids, but willing to serve—to hold on—for the sake of another generation that would come after them.

Perhaps these men had moved out into the ministry, or into studies, before I arrived; but I have never experienced or interpreted the priesthood as a holding action: protecting morality, or the eucharist, or holding the church together.

We did realize, to our relief, that much of the clerical system that had formed us—and intimidated us—was coming apart: we were getting out to teach, start our own doctoral programs, work in slums—even demonstrate—on our days off; the old build-a-fire-in-the-woods and stand-around-the-piano-and-drink-and-sing concept of leisure was giving way to quieter conversations about films, or the war; the *NCR* and *Commonweal* were muckraking the authorities—particularly our own when they suddenly shipped Dan Berrigan to South America; John Courtney Murray was entertaining us with highly personal and sometimes caustic reports on his experiences at the Council; and our moral theologians were building the case for freedom of conscience on birth control.

But the profoundest change was in our attitude toward Mass. Most of us decided that the Mass was not something to be *said*—alone, vested, word-for-word and rubric-for-rubric from the book, whispered, facing the wall—but *shared*—structured but spontaneous, laced with our own brilliant and boring gripes and insights, in groups facing one another. I suspect that very few of us ordained then have said Mass alone more than three or four times in six years.

During our ordination retreat I did a long interview with four of my friends for A. E. P. Wall's Baltimore *Catholic Review* on how we conceived our priesthood. We talked of black housing in Baltimore; *Blow-Up* and *A Time for Burning*; our healthy disillusionment, aggravated by Charles Davis' defection, and our deepened awareness of the church as both sinful and graced. But what we stressed most

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was our commitment to human values as a prerequisite for spiritual values, a wiping away of what we considered the false distinction between what used to be called the "natural" and "supernatural" realms. And we sensed too that we didn't know what we were getting into, whether the apparent liberalization of the church and its new social commitment were really deep enough to meet the needs of the masses of people alienated from God and from one another. Maybe we were being ordained to proclaim the gospel to empty pews.

On the theoretical level, what optimism we had we owed to Teilhard de Chardin; though I'm sure none of us would think of reading him today. But our "existential" spirituality—our ability to perceive the presence of God in everyday experience—in civil rights marches, in cultural turmoil, in intimate conversations—we owed to Saint Ignatius Loyola—particularly as filtered through Karl Rahner. Reading *The Priesthood*, a just-published collection of ordination retreat talks to German Jesuits in 1961, it is clear to what extent he was the spiritual father of what almost became the new church.

Today the book would be most useful to a middle-aged priest during his annual retreat who wanted to recapture the best moments of his preconciliar spiritual training. There are echoes of his earlier critical breakthrough article on "blind" obedience that helped give a generation of religious the courage to stand up to their superiors. He warns celibates against becoming dried-up men. He urges his priests to love while accepting loneliness, and stresses that today, above all, the priest must be convincing as a human being.

Ultimately, it seems to me, it is often this last point that determines whether or not a man stays a priest—whether or not he is in thorough touch with his own humanity, and can assert his manhood in some creative and fulfilling way. From time to time he must see that his life really is one of service, he must see people suffer less because the church is present. This is, perhaps, a small touch of that human immortality he has forsaken for celibacy; yet, to deny it could be to deny the basic dignity of that very flesh the Word had taken on. It also helps if a priest has the reassurance of his religious community and the active support of wise superiors; but it's a mistake to count on them. Without challenging work and proper human interaction, the priest's life may take on other emphases. He may turn himself into an inoffensive doormat waiting to be appointed pastor or superior, take up odd hobbies to "keep sane," become obsessed with a "scholarly project" that never gets done, sit around drinking and cursing his enemies, lead a double life, cut out an independent career for himself—having lost all respect for his institution. He may leave the priesthood and try to begin a new life; or—worse—he may hang on spinning his wheels, a clerical burnt-out case.

One of the main points of *The Archbishop*, Clay Blair's 1970 novel about the 1968 *Humanae Vitae* controversy in Washington, D.C., is that church officials can become so trapped in narrow concepts of the church's role, so dedicated to preserving their own power (imagining that they alone speak for God), so removed from the lives of ordinary people, that they can increase human suffering to the point of tragedy. The plot is right out of the 1968 *Washington Post*. The old archbishop launches a fund drive to build a multi-million-dollar conservative theological center on the Catholic University campus—as if that would give stability to a quivering church; a liberal priest and nun (destined for sex and marriage, in that order) cheered on by a Jewish newspaperman, try to commit the church to a half-way house in the ghetto; when *Humanae Vitae* is published the priests revolt, issue a sophisticated defense of the right of conscience, and are crushed.

As someone who lived through the Washington summer of '68 I read Blair's book with recognition and pain. At one point in the controversy I asked the Cardinal's personal representative and theological adviser, who was once one of the church's more progressive moral theologians, why—even if history might eventually show *Humanae Vitae* to be correct—he could not use his influence to mitigate the harsh punishment of the dozens of priests who had been suspended or could no longer preach, or give the sacraments. He replied that such men *had to be stopped* . . . just as we must stop the other priests throughout the world who thought that "Joseph was the real father of Jesus and that the bones of Jesus were still in Palestine." As if the church could be rebuilt on the punished bones of the Washington priests.

This summer, two other novels have appeared that try to deal with these problems. John Gallahue's *The Jesuit* is a failure, a "suspense" novel about Jesuit agents in Russia in the 1930s, James Bond in black. The story, allegedly based on a "true" story told to the author to inspire him out of quitting the order, concerns a team of two young Jesuits, a Russian-American and a Frenchman—one with the powers of a bishop—sent to minister secretly to Russian Catholics. The truth is that a number of Jesuits did travel in Russia, some publicly and some secretly and some with episcopal powers, between World Wars I and II—Edmund Walsh, founder of the Georgetown Foreign Service School, along with Joe Farrell and Louis Gallagher; orientalist Michael d'Herbigny; and Walter Ciszek, who

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described his long imprisonment in *With God in Russia*. But I doubt they would recognize their stories in this book. Nor would they recognize the Society. Ex-Jesuit Gallahue writes as if he had gained his impressions of Jesuits from watching Charles Boyer in *The First Legion*. The publishers have so little confidence in the book that they demand that reviewers not reveal the ending (the Jesuit's brother turns out to be a Communist agent who betrays the secret Catholics to slaughter and our hero is defrocked by Pius XI in a holy rage) and they have tried to hype up interest by charging that Gallahue was fired from Fordham because of his book's sensational disclosures. (Fordham lawyers have contacted Stein and Day; and, when I called the publishers didn't want to discuss it.) But the sad thing is that a well-publicized novel with this title is built around blind obedience, shadowy politics, and militant anti-Communism—three subjects which concern us least.

Ralph McInerny, in *The Priest*, has built his long, slow-moving, but still rather powerful work around the year the church came apart, the summer of '68, when naive liberal certainties that the church's sexual theology—an area where celibate theologians should have the least experience and therefore the most humility—would accommodate itself to the conclusions of the "secular" sciences were shattered on the rock of *romanitá*. A philosopher, with J. F. Powers as his literary mentor, McInerny lacks Blair's journalistic pace; but, in a way, he does not seem as interested in his story—which is virtually the same as Blair's—as he is with the larger questions each episode raises about the future of the priesthood and the church.

Most of the characters are priest-novel types or satirical composites of real people anyone reading a book like this would know. For example: the liberal journalist husband and wife team of Daniel and Lydia Donovan. Having flunked out of graduate school Daniel is now editor of the Fort Elbow, Ohio, Catholic paper. His book, *Crisis of Doubt*, and her *Married Virgins*, plus his reviews for *Commonweal*, *America* and *Vase of the Little Flower*, have established them as leading Catholic Intellectuals. Sadly, their theoretical preoccupation with sexual theology is inspired by their inability to conceive a child. Dan is sterile; Lydia's womb is tipped. This is typical of McInerny's method and there's something a little nasty about it. One of his central themes is the intellectual sterility of American Catholic culture and he develops it by introducing recognizable characters with funny names who once dazzled the 1960s lecture circuit (Prince Thaddeus Chorzempowski for Otto Von Hapsburg, Manspricht Deutsch for Hans Küng) and having them talk like fools.

Philosopher McInerny is impatient with what he considers stupidity and sometimes he seems to imply that 90 percent of the post-conciliar church's problems are due to our failure to think rigorously. Meanwhile, the author's little American church in microcosm, the Fort Elbow (South Bend?) diocese, seems peopled principally by hypocrites and fools, as if Peter's bark had become a Ship of Fools whose travelers scramble to mask their real motives—ambition and lust—with the pieties of social relevance or loyalty to Holy Rome. The smooth but dim-witted auxiliary bishop mouths liberal banalities for the media when he thinks national exposure will help his advancement, but he flips to the other side when Madison Avenue calls. The swinging peace priest, Phil Bullard, holds to the priesthood mainly to enjoy the adulation of the college kids at the Newman Center; meanwhile he has been having one affair with a girl he jilts and another with a nun, whom he marries. The young radical seminary prof who is suspended for performing their wedding cracks with self-pity and moves in with Gilbert Plummet-Finch, the gay atheist philosopher. Other priests sit transfixed in the shimmering glow of their private TV screens or reach up to grasp their manhattans from waiters before the waiters can put them down.

Into this messed-up world comes twenty-eight-year-old Father Frank Ascue. He has finished his moral theology in Rome and expects to be sent to teach at the seminary; but the old bishop, knowing Frank's expectations, sends him to Saint Waldo's parish. At first, Ascue is so bland a character that both the right-wing *Te Deum* society and the liberal priests expect him to join their camps. He hasn't given much thought to the Vietnam war but he's sure the Mass should not be used in demonstrating against it. He is a good man—unemotional, yet compassionate; sexually inexperienced, yet increasingly aware of his own sexuality; quietly disgusted at the intellectual and moral softness of his fellow priests, but not angry enough to make an issue of it; above all, rational, convinced that once men *understand* a problem they can cooperate in solving it. His disenchantment begins where many a young priest's begins—with a no from a superior: his pastor refuses to let him run a summer program for ghetto kids in the parish gym. But he does not lose heart. Yet.

It is this charming confidence (the liberal's trap) that all men, including church bureaucrats, are guided by reason and good will, that makes him sure the Pope will accept the findings of his birth control commission. In the clash over *Humanae Vitae* Ascue's life, belatedly, takes on a political dimension as he emerges as a judicious, yet forthright, spokesman for freedom of conscience. And he is also learning to suffer—from loneliness, frustration, slander, and self-doubt. His final crisis comes when he silently approves an abortion for his niece who has been sleeping with a seminarian. In an unusual climactic ten-page episode the author locks us inside young Ascue's tortured mind as he reviews the sufferings of the world, the scandal of the church and the "scandal" of what he has just done—children born in the squalor of Roman slums just a few yards from the Vicar of Christ in Renaissance splendor, the moral emptiness of much of the morality he has learned, the failures of the enlightenment philos-

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ophy pitted against his own unwillingness to accept "absurdity" as an honest answer to human problems. Should he quit? For him a retreat from the priesthood now would be to want out of the "stark demand for God that remains when the bitching is over."

Finally offered the seminary job he withdraws to a retreat house to make his decision. On the brink of leaving he realizes that the church as we know it is not worth keeping, updating, repackaging. He is exhilarated by the radical new vision of its collapse; yet, following a solitary swim, he says he will stay. McInerny offers the future priest very little—except integrity and its cost. Perhaps fundamentally he feels that life offers very little to any man greater than the opportunity to answer a transcendent demand, the immediate satisfaction that comes with doing what one should, and the dim-dark expectation that a better community might emerge from his efforts—or might not.

BOOKS

BLUE COLLARS AND SOLID MIDDLES

DICK HOWARD

The World of the Blue Collar Worker

IRVING HOWE, ed.

Quadrangle, $8.95

The Forgotten Americans

A HUDSON INST. SURVEY
BY FRANK AMBRUSTER
WITH CONTRIBUTIONS
BY DORIS YOKELSON

Arlington House, $9.95

Both titles promise a confrontation with what seems to be the crucial social problem in this era of Nixon-Agnew, network TV and B-52s: Who are the "masses," those solid middle Americans on whom the country relies and rests? Both are motivated by a belief in the fundamental goodness, virtue and capacity for action of these masses. Both are replete with denigrating references to "intellectual elitism," to "liberal do-gooders," and the rest of the litany. Yet, while Howe and his contributors share what they like to call a socialist perspective, Ambruster/Yokelson see their task as the preservation of a basically solid and just status quo against the encroachments and temptations held forth by liberal agitators.

Although each wears a different political label, their self-conception as social theorists is, despite apparent differences in form, remarkably similar. If the masses are basically good and their instincts healthy, then all that is needed to achieve the good society—no matter what you mean by that homily—is a prophylactic against the highly contagious diseases of ideology, dreams and utopia. Theory must be descriptive, faithful to the facts, quantified in the case of Ambruster/Yokelson, more literary-intuitive in the Howe volume. A strong dose of reality will surely chase the potential ideologue, and bar the route to those who are tempted. Consequently, the intended audience of these books is precisely intellectuals—"new leftists" for Howe, "liberals" for Ambruster/Yokelson.

That two volumes differ radically in their proclaimed politics while sharing a theoretical self-consciousness and goal is peculiar, and poses questions. In its original context—as roughly 2/3 of a recent issue of *Dissent* magazine—the Howe volume had a raison d'être, as part of an ongoing discussion of regular readers sharing a perspective. As it stands, one wonders why it was published as a "book." Ambruster/Yokelson persevere in collecting, reproducing and restating data from assorted surveys and polls on a variety of public attitudes. The compiler's work is at best useful as a collection of data; what the data are worth is yet another question. Reflecting, what strikes me is the inability of social theory to articulate its own questions: the blank and dull stupidity of the pollsters casts sharp light on the more modish weakness of will that is manifest in the Howe collection. Neither book, in my opinion, succeeds in posing the question of the masses, let alone solving it.

What emerges from the data presented in these volumes—and it matters little whether one takes the "rightist" views of Ambruster/Yokelson, or the "socialist" standpoint of Howe et.

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al.—is a picture of confused people forced to act under contradictory pressures in a world which they at best think that they understand. Our instincts are usually good; we certainly mean no evil. But, there is the "system" which conspires against us. Ambruster/Yokelson present polls showing a positive attitude towards neighborhood integration; but a Howe contributor (Margolis) cites the National Association of Real Estate Boards (1957): "A Realtor should never be instrumental in introducing into a neighborhood . . . members of any race or nationality . . . whose presence will clearly be detrimental to property values in the neighborhood." (Howe, 267) Things are changing, of course, reply the "socialists," for whom evolution is important. But the basic individual attitudes are constant, answer Ambruster/Yokelson with polls in hand. The "socialist" optimists tell us that "by the end of the decade, 68 percent of the labor force will be below thirty-four," (Kremen, in Howe, 12) while Ambruster/Yokelson spend a large part of their compilation demonstrating the uprightness and historical constancy of youth values.

In the clash of individual vs. system, both sides here come down in favor of the individual—with different accents of course. Ambruster/Yokelson are proud to show us how individual attitudes have remained constant (at least as the polls express them) over the past decades: belief in God is not on the decline, attitudes towards sexuality have not greatly changed, youth still favor the Republican party, etc. etc. Poll data is used to "debunk" prevailing liberal beliefs in the existence of social problems at the level of individual attitudes. Howe et al, paint a sympathetic picture of the contradictions the individual must face, whether it be in the North Ward of Newark or the enclaves of Cicero or Detroit, whether it be the old Jewish and Italian unionists of the ILGWU, ruling over a new stratum of black and Puerto Rican workers on the basis of their past battles with the bosses, or the white shop floor-workers friendly with blacks on the shop floor but scared to death for the decline in property values if . . .

Reality is contradictory; individuals are really good; there are reasons for everything. The picture painted in both volumes calls for sympathy, empathy. But are these reasons, or rationalizations? There is a facile acceptance in both books which carries with it the abdication on the part of the theorist of any critical sensibility, any depth, any opposition that would cut through the knot of individual quandaries. These books about the masses are themselves part of the problem of "massyness"—in their form they are compilations, lacking the unity of critical imagination, and in their content they remain at the surface level of descriptive reportage and, ultimately, pretentious gossip.

In the case of the Ambruster/Yokelson volume, the pseudo-critical manner in which the compilers warn the reader that their comparisons of two polls may be slightly inaccurate since, for example, the wording of the question asked changed slightly from one poll to the second, or the samples differ slightly, etc., contrasts with the uncritical acceptance of this technique as a way of knowing social reality. I cannot help but recall the publication, in April 1968, of an extensive polling survey done for the French government, which purported to show that the French workers were basically content with their lot, interested at best in earning a few more *sous*. Then came May 1968—a political mass strike that nearly toppled the regime. Why the error? Michael Harrington provides part of the answer, writing that:

> It is precisely the characteristic of an opinion poll that it reaches a man or woman as he or she is isolated and poses questions in a kind of political and social vacuum. It reflects the privatized area of a worker's mind but what it omits . . . is the effect of his participation in a workaday world, his membership in a class. (Howe, 150)

While one cannot conclude that the data of the pollsters is altogether invalid—for much of our lives are in fact lived in that "vacuum" which is precisely a feature of bureaucratic capitalism's privatization and particularization of the individual—the polls must be seen as part of the problem. They represent the creation of pseudo-bonds based on the empty feeling of serial loneliness: if we all agree, then perhaps we're not so alone after all. The question to be posed to them is not a "scientific" one about their sample or their margin of error; more interesting is the question: in what kind of society could such a technique accede to the social importance that the polls have today acquired?

Howe and company are more clever, and seemingly more humane. They rely either on a kind of ethnological description of the life-world of the blue-collar worker (counting, in their overfed literary imaginations on an effect like that of Voltaire's *Lettres persanes*), or on a structural analysis of the evolving institutions of capitalism. The ethnology repeats, in manifold variations, the problem of individual/system. The structural analysis, particularly in D. Bell's "Labor in the Post-Industrial Society," marks a beginning toward overcoming this dualism by virtue of a conception of capitalism as a system of social forms of *domination* which themselves continually evolve.

(Bell's essay is part of a forthcoming book. As it stands, there are problems particularly with his notion of "post-industrial," and in the vacillations and unclarity in defining the "service" sector as including "hotel and restaurant workers," "transportation workers and auto mechanics," finance, distribution, trade, leisure industries, etc. Bell sees the contradictions, but his analysis shifts from one dealing with a system of domination to a more orthodox presentation of structural contradictions. The book itself will clearly demand a great deal of discussion, and I wonder why the author permitted Mr. Howe to print it in this particular context?)

M. Harrington's essay also moves towards a solution to the dualism by attempting to update the notion of social *class* as a system-produced rela-

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tion of individuals among themselves. Neither succeeds, however, particularly since their efforts are lost in the midst of an anthology whose editor clearly has no conception of the role and need for a critical social theory and intellectual imagination.

These books are part of the problem, and their inadequacy is troubling when it is not insulting. Massyness is the opposite of individuality. Individuality means the self-conscious will of a social person who can pose the difference between right and wrong, appearance and reality, the irrational and the rational. In these books, in the words of the Frankfurt School, "reason surrenders to irrationality." Masses live a life of the immediate, choosing between what is given them; individuals hope, dream and laugh. Freud showed years ago, in opposition to the conservatism of Le Bon, that masses are but neurotic individuals; and the task of theory—social or psychoanalytic—is to provide that distance which gives meaning, that insight and self-understanding that breaks the hold of the fetish. It is time that intellectuals put away their whips, quit the self-flagellation; it is not our task to be like the "masses," nor our misfortune not to be. Our task must be taken seriously, and our theory must be critical, not dumbly descriptive.

Pray to Live

HENRI J. M. NOUWEN

Fides, $2.95

Thomas Merton on Prayer

JOHN J. HIGGINS, S.J.

Doubleday, $5.95

KILIAN McDONNELL

Thomas Merton and I knew each other slightly. He had been to my monastery and he had invited me to spend a few days with him at Gethsemani, which I did one Christmas. And we did a little corresponding. "Friend" is much too special a word, reserved for a deeper relationship. We were acquaintances. That small personal contact, however, has warped the way I read books about Merton.

Henri Nouwen's book is a slight volume which might serve as a modest introduction to Merton's thought. Five short, well-written essays are followed by five parallel sections giving selections from Merton's writings. One suspects that this book will be popular in undergraduate reading courses. The Higgins book is a more systematic examination of Merton's thought on prayer and contemplation. The style is somewhat plodding and the author has picked up some of the stock phrases (as even Merton did) of edifying literature, e.g., "the innermost depths of his being." It is carefully documented and contains a valuable bibliography of Merton's works and books and articles on Merton. The volume of Merton's writing represents the noisiest silence since Trappists decided to guard the tongue and love solitude.

Both books are an expression of a renewed interest in prayer, an area where Merton will be significant for some time to come. Merton, monastic though he was, was able to embody in a very personal way both the prayer hopes and the prayer frustrations of those who live outside of monastic walls. Merton said that his vocation was "to put down on paper what I have become." Nouwen has grasped well the profoundly personal quality of Merton's writing. Merton writes more as a personal witness and less as an authority on prayer, and that makes him more endurable. In those terms even the busiest business man can identify with Merton's discovery of humanity in the quiet of solitude, and with his journey in solitude to compassion. This discovery broadened his prayer vision. No holiness was really possible without the dimension of human and social concern: "If we experience God in contemplation, we experience Him not for ourselves alone but also for others." In that solitude where he discovered humanity and met compassion he was able to write those burning pages on race relations and war and Zen Buddhism. We have more confidence in his love of solitude and the social passion which flowed from it because though monastic to the core, he did not define solitude as a specifically monastic domain. He acknowledged that the walls of a monastery are no guarantee for solitude and inner silence. Indeed, he once admitted to me that he found life in the monastery a bit of a rat race. Perhaps that is why he is our man.

Merton was acquainted with the supposition, more pronounced during the '60s, that work was prayer and

AN APPEAL

FUNDS ARE ASKED for Priests, Brothers and Sisters fighting poverty and disease among the poor people of Sulu, the southernmost province of the Philippines. A small hospital desperately needs expansion, a floating clinic is needed so that Sisters can visit nearby islands, as are cooperatives for the fishermen, self-help projects, better schooling and housing. Any contribution will go far and do much. Address: Bishop Philip F. Smith, O.M.I., Jolo, Sulu, Philippines (21¢ airmail) or U.S. address, Box 1598, Lowell, Mass. 01853.

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R.I.P.

R.I.P.
Rev. Peter Edward Sheehan, C.S.B., Ph.D.
September 11, 1927—July 26, 1972

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therefore special moments of prayer were essentially pleasant luxuries. This, said Merton, was a false problem. Those who earnestly stumble toward God and truly seek Him in their work will find Him there. In this sense work is a prayer. But without special moments of prayer no genuine apostolic life can mature. Without prayer one cannot penetrate the meaning of work. Higgins summarizes Merton, "One simply cannot be a true witness to Christ unless he knows Christ personally." One who abandons prayer to lose oneself in activity will discover that "there is little or nothing in him of a truly personal relationship with God." Such an eventuality would make prayer an empty exercise.

Merton once complained to me about novices who do not accept correction and who are always concerned about self-fulfillment and self-affirmation. He was impatient with those who saw every curb as a block to psychological maturity and self-realization. He, on the contrary, saw the preoccupation with self-fulfillment as a way of chaining liberty. He countered with a doctrine which insisted on freeing oneself from the supposition that one is a "candidate for realization, attainment and fulfillment." To this extent Merton was a classicist. Nouwen notes Merton's appreciation of *kenosis,* self-emptying in the Eastern mystics. The East can lead the West back to rediscover its own tradition which it has lost through a dubious glorification of the "ego."

Merton knew, as Higgins indicates, that the spiritual life can be a drag, especially if it is conceived in terms of mustering all the will power one has every day to keep one's attention focused on God. This way lies only mediocrity and perhaps despair. Merton saw the necessity of self-discipline and felt that those who refused to discipline themselves in the name of psychological maturity would never take the first steps out of spiritual infancy. But he also rejected a will-to-power spirituality. The way of God was not primarily the work of man; it was God's work in man.

Merton's prayer vocabulary is that of liberation and freedom. It is because we are free that we are made in the likeness of God. This innate liberty makes it possible for us to go to Him who is the absolute freedom. Asceticism has as its goal the assurance of this liberation. Only free men go to God and they go to him because they are free.

John Higgins speaks of Merton's approach to the problem of alienation. Here again Merton was concerned with freedom. The men who are alienated from themselves have no real freedom and they are therefore incapable of true spiritual experience. In this sense Merton lived close to himself and was in contact with his feelings. When he was visiting St. John's Abbey he asked me for a boat (he complained there was no lake at Gethsemani) and after several hours he returned soaking wet. When I asked him what had happened he said that he was sitting in the boat, looking over the side, observing the wonder below: the fish, the seaweed, and the freedom of the water. He saw so much glory down there and he wanted to possess it, so he jumped overboard, clothes and all. He was a free man.

The Last Play: The Struggle to Monopolize the World's Energy Resources

JAMES RIDGEWAY

Dutton, $10

MICHAEL KENNEDY

The big news on Wall Street during the 1960s was conglomerates, just as mutual funds had been during the 1950s. Financial reporters analyzed conglomerates, Congress investigated conglomerates, and liberal professors wrote anxious articles about them. Much less attention was paid to the great consolidations that were taking place in the coal and oil industries. During these years the major American oil companies, using their great capital resources, acquired a dominant position in both the coal and uranium industries. At the present time seven of the fifteen largest coal producers are oil companies; they produce slightly less than thirty percent of our national coal production. Through agencies and distributing companies these oil companies also market a large percentage of the coal mined by independent coal companies. Probably about sixty percent of the coal now commercially marketed in the United States is mined or controlled by thirteen large oil companies. The situation in uranium mining is essentially similar. About forty-five percent of American uranium reserves are controlled by American oil companies; two American oil companies control the crucial stages of refining and processing.

In the first part of his book, Mr. Ridgeway describes how this happened; in the second part, in an admirable series of tables, he records the complicated institutional and financial arrangements that now bind the coal, oil, and uranium industries together.

The federal government allowed these tremendous concentrations of power and ownership to come into existence. Lyndon Johnson's Justice Department never found that any anti-trust laws were being violated. The various federal commissions for the most part completely ignored the great changes in the patterns of ownership and control that were taking place.

A certain kind of Marxist would undoubtedly see the complacency with which the departments and bureaus of the federal government viewed the transformation of the coal, oil, and uranium industries as sure evidence that big business controls the government. But the reality was more complicated than that. Mr. Ridgeway does not view his evidence in such a simple light. He finds conspiracies, sometimes, involving particular companies and particular unions and particular government departments, but no one big conspiracy on the part of the industry to control the government.

Conspiracies imply purpose and direction and intention; and American public policy, now as during most of our country's history, is chiefly notable for incoherence and lack of direction. What actually happens is much more

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prosaic: various groups and interests, including, at the present time, huge government bureaus, struggle for their point of view, and out of this struggle, policy emerges.

Sometimes, of course, the resultant policies are harmful to the long-range interests of the country. The American government allows American corporations to invest billions of dollars abroad and has made it easy for them to extend credits to foreign companies. The United States Steel Corporation, for example, sells coke, through a subsidiary, to several Japanese steel companies. These steel companies, in turn, manufacture steel which competes on the American domestic market with the products of other American steel companies. This transaction, while profitable to the Steel Corporation in several ways, undoubtedly damages the American domestic economy.

Such arrangements are common today. Hundreds of United States corporations have intricate financial relationships with foreign companies which bring the American companies large profits. Often, however, these foreign companies then compete directly with American companies. This unsupervised flow of capital has already taken the jobs of many American workers; the ultimate consequences are incalculable.

Our domestic energy policy was shaped in the same way. Government favoritism allowed these vast energy corporations to come into existence, and now these corporations dominate this crucial sector of the economy. One wonders what the future will bring. Here Mr. Ridgeway is not encouraging. Cheap nuclear power is apparently much further away than advocates of atomic power used to think. Foreign oil is gradually ceasing to be cheap oil. The oil-producing countries in the undeveloped world are rapidly throwing off the last vestiges of foreign political domination. Each time an Arab or South American oil-producing country has a nationalist revolution, the new government renegotiates the oil leases and the price of petroleum goes up.

The present balance of world power still favors American corporations. But as nationalism rises in country after country, the energy corporations will be forced back upon North America. The cost of energy will almost inevitably soar.

The extent of the dependence of the American standard of living, with its multitudes of electrical appliances and its high rate of energy consumption, upon cheap fuel, is only beginning to be appreciated. How the great American energy corporations would meet a major energy crisis is a question. Their record is largely one of seeking to maximize their profits. Few of their officers appear to give much thought to any of the remoter consequences of their companies' actions. In an emergency, would they lower their profit levels so that the price of energy would not rise? Or would they want the government to impose some form of energy rationing? It's anybody's guess.

Mr. Ridgeway has written a very useful book. He has brought together a multitude of facts about the finances and organization of the international energy industry, and organized them in a clear, intelligent way. He is more descriptive than analytic—this, perhaps, is one of the few flaws in the book—but although he attempts few large generalizations, he manages to suggest a great deal. Politicians, journalists, and citizens groups will all find this book invaluable.

Commonweal welcomes letters on subjects treated in its pages. Letters of not more than 250 or 300 words naturally have a better chance of being published.

REVIEWERS

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Steinfels (Cont.)

last year's election—as the Democrats clearly hope it will—then it will also create a tremendous political vacuum. And if the Democrats prove unable to fill that vacuum, it is not unlikely that political nihilism will.

"What's the alternative? Where are the Democrats?"

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 419)

information more than three years old.

In the past couple of years the National Council of Jewish Women has been in the vanguard of those supporting the ERA. Our change in position is part of the record in actions of Congressional Committees just prior to the passage of the ERA in the fall of 1971.

Since that time Council members in states across the country have been outspoken in their support of ratification by state legislatures. In several of these states, i.e., Kentucky and Minnesota, Council was credited publicly by legislators with being a major force in ERA ratification by those state legislatures.

I hope that this letter to you and, through you, to Nancy Schwartz, will lay to rest finally this distortion of the facts about the role of National Council of Jewish Women vis-à-vis the Equal Rights Amendment.

(MRS.) ELEANOR MARVIN
National President,
National Council of Jewish Women

Summer Schedule

In keeping with the usual practice, *Commonweal* is again appearing on alternate weeks during the summer months. Forthcoming issues will be dated August 24, September 7 and September 21. From then on we will resume our normal weekly schedule.

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To the Occasional Reader:

THIS AUGUST 10 ISSUE seems to us typical of *Commonweal*'s timeliness and topicality. It also follows directly issues of the magazine which have presented three discerning features on Watergate developments and the options possible after such damaging disclosures, a country-by-country account of the present status of Catholicism in Eastern Europe and the fight in Congress over a new minimum wage. Now in our pages, as Cesar Chavez' Farm Workers battle the powerful Teamsters and California growers for their very life, Russell W. Gibbons links that struggle with the Administration, Watergate and the Mafia.

Also, in this same issue Brian Wicker reports from England on the effect of the widely publicized charges of a Mylai in Portugal's African colonies, Dorothy Day reflects on her 75th birthday, Timothy T. Hughes writes from Santiago of the danger of a Chilean revoultion and Raymond Schroth examines the role of the priest today.

Informative as this week's sample is, you will only be able to discover the full force and unique flavor of this lay-directed journal of opinion by reading successive issues of *Commonweal* for several months. To make this possible for you at a minimum of inconvenience, we are offering a trial subscription of 17 issues for only $3—over 400 pages of meaningful political, cultural and religious comment at a saving of 55% of the magazine's single-copy price.

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